



Sylvan and Cynthia.

A new Pastoral Dialogue.

Sylvan.

Sweet summer is coming, the peach tree's in bloom,
The laylock's array'd, for their leaves are just come
Than Cynthia remember your swain's usual lay,
Consent, be united, for life's but a day.

Consent, &c.

Cynthia.

Fly hence, O false Sylvan, to Mira the gay,
To her repeat all the fine things that you say;
With joy she may hear you, and list to your lay,
For love like to life is with you but a day.

Sylvan.

Unjustly dear Cynthia, yout Sylvan you blame,
I continue still constant, don't Cynthia the same?
Tho' to Dorilas Cottage your sheep did once stray
Was the sheep then in fault, or my Cynthia I pray?

Cynthia.

Accuse me me not Sylvan, nor strive to beguile,
With a frown I demand it, and banish a smile;
To Ida's sweet mountains your flocks you may lead
With Mira, who credits whatever your plead.

Sylvan.

Not so my dear Cynthia, with you I will stay,
You add to the pleasure and brighten the day;
Without thee unhappy must Sylvan remain,
O tell me you'll have me, and rid me of pain.

Cynthia.

Then Sylvan be happy, tho' fetters remain,
I'll free you from bondage, but not from your chain.

Then here is my hand, to church lead the way,
Be easy and chearful, I'll ever obey.

Chorus.

Come, come, all ye nymphs, with your shepherds
repair,

With garlands of myrtle to crown the fond pair;
May happiness grow as our hearts doth increase,
And Hymen supply us with plenty and peace.